

Confessions of Love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/65343412) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/65343412>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Gamagoori Ira/Mankanshoku Mako
Characters:	Gamagoori Ira , Mankanshoku Mako , Jakuzure Nonon
Additional Tags:	Love Confessions , Confessional Sex , Kill la Kill References , IRA - Freeform , Mako - Freeform , Suck Hard on Nipple , French Kiss , suck cock , Missionary Position , Cum in pussy , Swallow cum , Creampie , virgin , giant cock
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-05-06 Words: 8,626 Chapters: 4/4

Confessions of Love

by [ab824020](#)

Summary

Jakuzure was sick and tired of Ira chikning out of telling Mako how he feels, it's even worse as she noticed the underachiever doing the same thing!! So she decides to take matters into her own hands, and when she's done, they'll be closer than ever before, though they might have to take a test later, she chuckled. Walking down the school hallway, her plan coming together in her mind.

Chapter 1

Ira Gamagoori stood frozen in the center of the room, his broad shoulders tense, his heart hammering in his chest. The door slammed shut behind Mako Mankanshoku, the click of the lock echoing like a gunshot in the sudden silence. Her wide, innocent eyes darted around the room, confusion and mild alarm flickering across her face.

Mako flinched, fingers twitching at her sides, her wide eyes darting from the locked handle to Gamagoori's rigid form. "G-Gamagoori-senpai?" Her voice wavered, higher than usual, tinged with something breathless.

"Eh? Why's the door locked?" she murmured, tugging at the handle. Her voice was soft, almost childlike, but it sent a jolt of electricity down Ira's spine. He swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry.

The last time they'd been nearby like this, he'd accidentally walked in on her in the shower. He'd barely managed to escape unnoticed, but the memory of her glistening skin, the water cascading down her curves, had haunted him ever since. Guilt and desire had warred within him ever since, and now, standing here with her, he felt the weight of both crashing down on him.

A subtle, sweet scent began to fill the air, almost imperceptible at first, but it grew stronger with every passing second. Ira's nostrils flared, his body reacting before his mind could even process what was happening. His cock stiffened in his uniform pants, straining against the fabric. No, no, no, he thought desperately, trying to will himself under control. He turned away slightly, his massive frame towering over her, hoping she wouldn't notice.

But then he heard her gasp.

Slowly, he turned back to her, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of her. Mako's face was flushed a deep red, her lips slightly parted, her breath came in shallow gasps, her chest rising too fast. The thin fabric of her shirt clung to her skin, damp with sweat, her nipples stiff and visible beneath. Her small hands were clutching at her skirt, her thighs pressed together tightly. And then he saw it—the dampness seeping through her underwear, glistening on her inner thighs. The scent of her arousal hit him like a tidal wave, mingling with the aphrodisiac in the air, and it was all he could do not to groan aloud.

"M-Mako..." he stammered, his voice low and rough.

She looked up at him, her eyes wide and trembling. "Gamagoori-san?" she whispered, her voice trembling. "I-I don't know what's happening... I feel... weird."

Ira clenched his fists, his nails digging into his palms. He had to maintain control. He couldn't let this happen. But then she took a step closer to him, her small frame trembling, and his resolve began to crumble.

“I... I can’t stop thinking about you,” she confessed softly, her hands twisting nervously in front of her. “Ever since... since the shower...”

Ira’s breath caught. She knew? All this time, she’d known?

“I-I was so embarrassed,” she continued, her voice barely above a whisper. “But... I couldn’t stop thinking about you being there... about you seeing me...”

Gamagoori’s control snapped.

In two long strides, he was in front of her, his massive hands coming up to cup her face. Her eyes widened, but she didn’t pull away. Instead, she leaned into his touch, her body trembling with need.

“Mako,” he growled, his voice thick with desire. “I’ve wanted you for so long.”

Before she could respond, his lips crashed down on hers, swallowing her gasp of surprise. The kiss was hungry, desperate, and Mako melted into it, her small hands clutching at the front of his uniform. Her lips were soft, yielding, and when her tongue timidly brushed against his, he groaned, his hands sliding down to grip her hips.

“G-Gamagoori-san...” she whimpered against his lips, her body arching into his. “I... I don’t know what to do...”

“Let me take care of you,” he murmured, his voice a low rumble. He pulled her closer, his hands sliding under her shirt to trace the delicate curve of her waist. She shivered, her breath hitching as his fingers brushed against the edge of her bra.

“Senpai—”

His name dissolved into a moan as he dragged his thumb over the peak of her breast, the fabric rough against her sensitive skin. She arched into his touch, her hips rocking unconsciously, and the scent of her arousal flooded his senses—musky, slick, unbearably sweet.

“But... I’m scared...” she whispered, her eyes searching his.

Ira’s heart ached at the vulnerability in her voice. He cupped her face again, stroking her cheeks with his thumbs. “I’ll be gentle,” he promised. “I’ll make it good for you.”

Mako hesitated for a moment, then nodded, her trust in him shining in her eyes. Slowly, Ira leaned down, capturing her lips in another kiss, this one softer, more tender. His hands moved to the buttons of her shirt, undoing them one by one. When the fabric fell away, revealing her small, perky breasts encased in a simple white bra, he couldn’t help but groan.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, his hands trembling as he cupped her breasts. She whimpered, her back arching as his thumbs brushed over her nipples, teasing them through the fabric.

“G-Gamagoori-san...” she moaned, her hands clutching at his shoulders. “It feels... so good...”

Ira’s cock throbbed at the sound of her voice, and he knew he couldn’t hold back any longer. With a growl, he pulled her bra off, exposing her plush breasts to his hungry gaze. Her nipples were hard, pebbled with arousal, and he leaned down, capturing one in his mouth.

“Ah!” Mako cried out, her hands tangling in his hair. “T-that’s... oh, God...”

Ira sucked hard, his tongue swirling around her nipple, and she arched into him, her body trembling with pleasure. His hands slid down to her skirt, tugging it down her legs until it pooled at her feet. His eyes darkened as he took in the sight of her wet panties, the fabric clinging to her core.

“So wet,” he murmured, his voice thick with desire. “All for me.”

Mako whimpered, her face burning with embarrassment, but she didn’t try to cover herself. Instead, she reached for his belt, her small hands fumbling with the buckle.

“L-let me...” she whispered, her eyes meeting his.

Ira’s breath caught as she undid his pants, freeing his massive cock. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, her lips parting in a soft gasp.

“I-it’s so big,” she breathed, her fingers trembling as she reached out to touch him.

Ira groaned as her small hand wrapped around him, her touch tentative but electrifying. “Mako...” he growled, his hips thrusting into her hand.

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with a mixture of awe and desire. “I want you,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “I-I want you to... to take me.”

Ira’s control shattered. With a growl, he lifted her, carrying her to the bed and laying her down gently. He hovered over her, his hands sliding her panties down her legs, exposing her dripping core.

“Tell me if it’s too much,” he murmured, his voice rough with need.

Mako nodded, her eyes locked on his as he positioned himself at her entrance. With a slow, careful thrust, he pushed into her, her tight walls clenching around him.

“Ah!” she cried out, her nails digging into his shoulders. “It’s... It’s so much...”

Ira paused, giving her time to adjust, his heart aching at the look of discomfort on her face. “Are you okay?” he asked, his voice gentle.

Mako nodded, her breathing shaky. “Y-yes... keep going...”

With a groan, Ira began to move, his thrusts slow and deliberate. As he sank deeper into her, Mako’s moans grew louder, her body arching into his.

“G-Gamagoori-san...” she whimpered, her hands clutching at his back. “It feels... so good...”

Ira’s pace quickened, his hips slamming into hers, the bed creaking beneath them. Mako’s moans turned into cries of pleasure, her legs wrapping around his waist as she met his thrusts with her own.

“I... I can’t...” she gasped, her body trembling. “I’m going to...”

“Come for me, Mako,” he growled, his voice rough with need.

With a cry, Mako came, her body convulsing around him. Ira’s release followed shortly after, his cock pulsing as he spilled inside her.

He collapsed onto the bed beside her, pulling her into his arms.

Mako laid her head on his chest, her breathing still ragged.

“I love you, Gamagoori-san,” she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Ira’s heart swelled with emotion. “I love you too, Mako,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Neither of them noticed the faint sound of laughter echoing through the room, nor the scent of the aphrodisiac still lingering in the air. For now, they were lost in each other, their bodies and hearts entwined.

And as the drug continued to course through their veins, their confessions of love turned into whispers of desire, their bodies moving together once more, ready to explore the depths of their passion all over again.

Chapter 2

Ira's hands moved with purpose, his fingers trailing down Mako's back as he gently rolled her onto her stomach. She let out a soft gasp, her body tensing for a moment before relaxing into the mattress. She's so beautiful, he thought, his eyes drinking in the sight of her arched back, her hips slightly raised as if inviting him closer.

"Mako," he murmured, his voice low and husky. "Are you okay with this?"

She nodded, burying her face into the pillow, her cheeks flushed crimson. "Y-yes, Gamagoori-san," she whispered, her voice trembling with both nervousness and anticipation.

Ira's heart raced as he positioned himself behind her, his hands gripping her hips firmly. His cock throbbed with need, already slick with her juices from their previous lovemaking. He could see the glistening wetness between her thighs, her puffy lips swollen and inviting. The scent of her arousal was intoxicating, mingling with the lingering aphrodisiac in the air, and it made his head swim with desire.

"Hold onto the bed," he instructed gently, his voice rough with lust. Mako obeyed without hesitation, her small hands clutching the sheets as she braced herself.

Ira aligned himself with her entrance, the tip of his massive cock pressing against her slick folds. He hesitated for a moment, his concern for her overpowering even the drug coursing through his veins. "Tell me if it's too much," he said softly, his hands tightening on her hips.

Mako turned her head slightly, peeking at him over her shoulder. Her eyes were wide, her lips parted as she panted softly. "I...I trust you, Gamagoori-san," she whispered, her voice filled with both innocence and determination.

That was all the encouragement he needed. With a slow, controlled thrust, Ira pushed himself into her, inch by inch, feeling her warm, tight walls envelop him. Mako let out a moan, her body trembling beneath him as she adjusted to his size.

"God, Mako," he groaned, his head falling back as he fought the urge to bury himself fully inside her. "You feel...amazing."

She whimpered, her fingers twisting into the sheets. "G-Gamagoori-san...it's...it's so deep..." she managed to say, her voice breaking into a moan as he bottomed out inside her.

Ira stilled, giving her a moment to adjust, but the drug in his system was making it nearly impossible to hold back. His hips twitched, a small, involuntary thrust that made Mako gasp. "I'm sorry," he murmured, his voice strained. "I can't...I can't stop."

"It's okay," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I...I like it."

That was all the permission he needed. Ira began to move, his hips rocking against hers in a steady rhythm. The sound of their bodies colliding filled the room, mixed with Mako's soft

moans and Ira's deep grunts. Her tight walls clenched around him, pulling him deeper with each thrust, and it was all he could do to keep from losing himself completely.

Mako's moans grew louder, her hips pushing back against him in a desperate attempt to match his pace. "Gamagoori-san...it feels so good..." she panted, her voice thick with pleasure. "Please...don't stop..."

Her words sent a jolt of heat through him, and Ira gripped her hips tightly, his thrusts becoming more forceful. He could feel her walls fluttering around him, her body tightening as she neared the edge. "You're doing so well, Mako," he murmured, his voice rough with desire. "Let go of me."

Her breath hitched, and with a cry, Mako came undone, her body convulsing around him as waves of pleasure crashed over her. Ira groaned, his climax building rapidly as he felt her tight walls milk him for everything he had.

"Mako," he growled, his hips slamming into hers as he finally let go, his cock pulsing deep inside her as he filled her with his seed. She whimpered, her body still shaking from her release as she felt the warmth of his cum spreading inside her.

For a moment, they stayed like that, their bodies connected, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. Ira gently pulled out, his hands moving to her hips to steady her as she collapsed onto the bed, her body limp with exhaustion.

But the drug wasn't done with them yet. Even as they lay there, spent and drenched in sweat, Ira could feel the fire reigniting in his veins. Mako's breathing had only just begun to slow when she turned to look at him, her eyes dark with desire.

"Gamagoori-san..." she whispered, her voice trembling. "I...I want more."

Ira's heart skipped a beat, his cock already hardening again at her words. "Mako," he said, his voice rough with need. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, her cheeks flushing as she crawled towards him, her movements slow and deliberate. "I want to taste you," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

Ira's breath caught in his throat as she lowered her head, her soft lips closing around the tip of his cock. He groaned, his hands tangling in her hair as she took him deeper, her tongue swirling around the sensitive flesh.

"Mako," he moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as she sucked him with an eagerness that drove him wild. She looked up at him, her eyes filled with a mix of innocence and desire, and it was all he could do to keep from losing himself completely.

But the drug wasn't the only thing driving them now. It was the connection between them, the intensity of their feelings, the raw, unbridled passion that had been building for so long. And as Mako took him deeper, her lips and tongue working magic, Ira knew that they were just getting started.

He pulled her up, his hands cupping her face as he captured her lips in a deep, hungry kiss. She melted against him, her body pressing into his as she moaned into his mouth.

“Ira,” she whispered, her voice trembling with need. “Take me again.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. With a growl, he flipped her onto her back, his hands gripping her thighs as he positioned himself at her entrance once more. She was already wet, her body responding eagerly to his touch, and he plunged into her with a single, powerful thrust.

Mako cried out, her nails digging into his back as he began to move, his hips slamming into hers with a force that drove them both wild. Her moans filled the room, a symphony of pleasure that spurred him on, his groans mingling with hers as they moved together, their bodies in perfect harmony.

“Ira,” she panted, her voice breaking into a moan as he hit a particularly sensitive spot. “Please...don’t stop...”

He didn’t plan to. The drug, their connection, the sheer intensity of their passion—it all fueled him, driving him to push her further, to take her higher. And as he felt her walls tightening around him once more, he knew they were both close.

“Mako,” he growled, his voice rough with need. “Come with me.”

She didn’t need to be told twice. With a cry, she shattered, her body convulsing around him as waves of pleasure crashed over her. Ira followed her over the edge, his hips slamming into hers as he poured himself into her, his seed filling her once more.

They collapsed together, their bodies entwined, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. But even as they lay there, spent and exhausted, the fire between them still burned, the drug still coursing through their veins.

Mako turned to him, her eyes dark with desire. “Ira...” she whispered, her voice trembling. “I...I want more.”

He groaned, his cock already twitching with interest at her words. “Mako,” he said, his voice rough with need. “You’re going to be the death of me.”

She giggled, the sound sending a jolt of heat through him. “I love you, Ira,” she whispered, her voice filled with sincerity.

He pulled her closer, his lips brushing against hers. “I love you too, Mako,” he murmured. And as he kissed her, his hand trailing down her body once more, they both knew that this was not the last round.

Chapter 3

Mako's fingers tightened around Ira's hand as she led him toward the far corner of the room. Her steps were slow, deliberate, and her breathing was shallow, her chest rising and falling with anticipation. Ira followed her without question, his heart pounding in his ears, the heat between them still simmering like an unquenchable fire. The air was thick with the lingering scent of their passion, mingling with the faint perfume of the aphrodisiac that still clung to their skin.

"What is it, Mako?" Ira asked, his voice low and husky, his cock throbbing with need as he watched her hips sway with every step. He could see the glimmer of excitement in her eyes, the way her lips parted slightly, as if she was about to reveal a secret she had kept for far too long.

She stopped in front of a large, ornate mirror that hung on the wall, its surface reflecting their flushed faces and tousled hair. Her hand trembled slightly as she reached out to touch the frame, her fingers tracing the intricate carvings. "I've always wondered... what it would be like to see us... like this," she whispered, her voice barely audible, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red.

Ira's breath hitched as he understood her meaning. His eyes met hers in the mirror, and he saw the mixture of shyness and boldness that made her so irresistibly enticing. "You want to... watch us?" he asked, his voice thick with desire, his cock twitching at the thought.

Mako nodded, her gaze never leaving his reflection. "Yes," she breathed. "I want to see you... inside me. I want to see how much you... Love me."

Ira's heart swelled with affection, his desire for her only deepening. He stepped behind her, his hands resting on her hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. "Turn around," he murmured, his lips brushing against the shell of her ear. "Let me look at you."

Mako hesitated for a moment before slowly turning to face him, her eyes wide and vulnerable. Ira's breath caught in his throat as he took in the sight of her—her flushed skin, her swollen lips, the way her chest rose and fell with every breath. He cupped her face in his hands, his thumbs brushing against her cheeks. "You're so beautiful," he whispered, his voice filled with awe.

Mako's eyes fluttered shut as she leaned into his touch, her body trembling with need. "Ira, please," she whimpered, her hands clutching at his chest. "I need you."

Without another word, Ira lifted her, her legs wrapping around his waist as he carried her toward the mirror. He set her down gently, her back pressed against the cool surface, his chest heaving as he looked down at her. "Open your eyes," he commanded softly, his voice firm yet tender.

Mako's eyes fluttered open, and she gasped as she saw their reflection in the mirror. Her breath hitched as she watched his hands roam over her body, his fingers pinching her nipples,

sending jolts of pleasure through her. “Oh, Ira...” she moaned, her head falling back against the mirror.

Ira’s lips found her neck, his teeth grazing her skin as he sucked on her pulse point. His hands moved lower, his fingers slipping between her thighs, rubbing her wetness. “You’re so wet for me, Mako,” he growled, his voice thick with desire.

Mako’s moans grew louder as she watched his fingers work her clit, her hips grinding against his hand. “God, Ira, yes!” she cried out, her fingers digging into his shoulders. “Please, I need you inside me.”

Ira didn’t need to be told twice. He lined himself up with her entrance, his cock throbbing with need as he pushed into her slowly, inch by inch. Mako’s eyes widened as she watched him fill her, her lips parting in a silent scream of pleasure. “Oh, God, Ira... It’s so...” she gasped, her voice breaking as he bottomed out inside her.

Ira’s hands gripped her hips tightly as he began to move, his thrusts slow and deep, his eyes locked on their reflection in the mirror. “You see that, Mako?” he growled, his voice rough with need. “That’s me, inside you. That’s how much I love you.”

Mako’s gaze was glued to the mirror, her heart racing as she watched him move in and out of her. The sight of his massive cock stretching her, filling her, was almost too much to bear. “Ira... oh, God, yes...” she moaned, her hands clutching at his arms. “You feel so good... I love you so much...”

Ira’s thrusts grew faster, harder, his grunts filling the room as he pounded into her. Mako’s moans turned into screams of pleasure, her body trembling with ecstasy as she watched their movements in the mirror. “Ira, I’m... I’m gonna cum!” she cried out, her nails digging into his skin.

“Cum for me, Mako,” Ira commanded, his voice raw with need. “Let me feel you.”

Mako’s body convulsed as her orgasm ripped through her, her juices gushing out of her and soaking his cock. Ira’s release followed shortly after, his cum flooding her tight pussy as he thrust into her one last time, his movements slowing as he came down from his high.

They stood there for a moment, panting and trembling, their eyes still locked on the mirror. Mako’s lips curved into a satisfied smile, her heart bursting with love for the man who had just made her feel more alive than she ever had before. “Ira...” she whispered, her voice soft and filled with affection.

Ira brushed a strand of hair from her face, his eyes filled with love and adoration. “I love you, Mako,” he murmured, his voice trembling with emotion.

Mako’s smile widened as she leaned in to kiss him, her lips soft and sweet against his. “I love you, too, Ira,” she whispered, her heart swelling with happiness.

But their moment of bliss was short-lived, as the lingering effects of the aphrodisiac began to take hold once more. Mako’s eyes darkened with desire, her hands roaming over his chest as

she pressed herself against him. “Ira...” she breathed, her voice filled with need. “I want more...”

Ira groaned, his cock already hardening again at the thought of taking her once more. “God, Mako... you’re going to be the death of me,” he murmured, his hands gripping her hips as he prepared to make love to her again.

Locked in Lust

"I—I like this," she gasped, her voice breaking as he hit something deep, her body clamping around him. "I like you—"

Gamagoori's control fractured.

He flipped her onto her stomach, his hand gripping her hip, the other tangling in her hair. Mako cried out as he sank into her again, her body folding beneath him, her ass pressed flush against his hips.

"Say it again," he growled, his thrusts turning rough, possessive.

Mako sobbed, her fingers clawing at the sheets. "I—I love—!"

Her voice shattered as he spanked her, the sharp crack of his palm against her skin making her jerk, her walls fluttering around him.

"Again."

"I love you—"

He came with a groan, his hips stuttering, his release flooding her. But the drug wasn't done with them.

Mako twisted beneath him, her lips finding his, her hands pushing him onto his back. She straddled him, her body still trembling, her thighs slick with her arousal—and his.

"M-My turn," she whispered, her voice shaky but determined.

And Gamagoori could only watch, breathless, as she sank onto him again.

The humid air clung to their sweat-slicked bodies as Mako rode him with desperate urgency. The ancient bedframe groaned beneath them, its protest lost beneath Mako's keening cries. Gamagoori's fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips, his blunt nails leaving crescent indents as she bounced harder, faster - chasing something neither of them could name.

The drug pulsed through their veins like liquid fire, twisting their nerves into knots of unbearable pleasure. Mako's thighs trembled, her movements turning erratic as she neared the edge again. Her hands braced against Gamagoori's chest, her short nails scraping through the dark hair there.

"Senpai, I'm gonna—" Her voice broke as her body clenched around him, her back arching in a perfect curve.

Gamagoori sat up in one fluid motion, wrapping an arm around her waist to hold her close as he flipped them again. The sheets stuck to their skin as he pressed her into the mattress, his thrusts growing deeper, more deliberate.

Mako's fingers tangled in the chain around his neck, the cool metal links pressing into her palm as she pulled him down. Their lips met in a messy, breathless kiss, teeth clacking together in their desperation. Somewhere beyond the haze, Gamagoori registered the metallic taste of blood - whether his or hers, he couldn't tell.

The scent of sex hung thick in the air, mixing with the fading remnants of Nonon's perfume. Mako's cries grew louder, more incoherent as Gamagoori's pace became punishing. His hand slid between them, calloused fingers finding her swollen clit.

Mako screamed.

Her entire body went taut as another orgasm ripped through her, her inner muscles fluttering around Gamagoori's cock like a vice. The sensation pushed him over the edge, his hips stuttering as he buried himself deep with a guttural groan.

For a moment, there was only the sound of their ragged breathing and the distant hum of the air conditioning. Then the drug flared again, worse than before - a fresh wave of heat that made Mako whimper and Gamagoori grit his teeth.

He could still feel her pulsing around him as his cock began to harden again. Mako's eyes widened slightly at the sensation, her lips parting in a silent 'oh' before she tilted her head to nip at his collarbone.

"One more time," she murmured against his skin, her voice raw. "Please, senpai—"

Gamagoori didn't answer. Instead, he reached for the bottle of water on the nightstand, pouring a stream of cool liquid between their bodies. Mako gasped at the sudden temperature change, her back arching off the bed as the water trickled down her heated skin.

He followed the path of droplets with his tongue.

The drug wasn't done with them yet.

The water beaded along Mako's collarbone like liquid mercury, catching what little light seeped through the blinds. Gamagoori's tongue followed the shimmering trail, the contrast of cool droplets against her feverish skin making her gasp. Her fingers twisted in the sheets as his mouth moved lower, teeth grazing the swell of her breast before closing around a taut nipple.

Mako arched off the mattress with a broken cry, her body still oversensitive from their last climax. The drug in her veins burned hotter at the touch, coiling tight in her belly again—an itch beneath her skin that only his hands could scratch.

Gamagoori's large palm slid down her trembling thigh, pushing her legs wider. His fingers found her slick entrance, still stretched and tender from taking him, but she clenched around nothing, hips lifting in silent demand.

"Please," she whimpered, the word cracking.

He didn't make her wait.

The second thrust was rougher, less controlled. Mako's nails raked down his shoulders as he bottomed out inside her, her thighs wrapping tight around his waist. The angle was deeper like this—she could feel every inch of him, the drag of his cock sending sparks up her spine.

Gamagoori's breath was ragged against her neck, his rhythm unrelenting. The bedframe knocked against the wall in time with their movements, a staccato beat beneath Mako's muffled cries.

Then—his hand slid between them again, fingers working her clit in rough circles.

Mako's vision went white.

Her orgasm crashed over her like a wave, pulling her under until all she knew was the heat of Gamagoori's body covering hers, the relentless push and pull of his hips, the way his groan vibrated against her skin as he followed her over.

She barely had time to catch her breath before the drug flared again—a fresh wave of heat licking up her nerves. Mako clenched around him weakly, her body spent but still aching.

Gamagoori's grip tightened on her hip.

They weren't done.

The ceiling fan above them turned in slow, lazy circles, its breeze doing little to cool the damp heat clinging to their skin. Mako's chest rose and fell rapidly, her breath still uneven as Gamagoori shifted above her, his weight pressing her deeper into the mattress. His cock, still half-hard inside her, twitched at the friction—and she whimpered, oversensitive but still burning.

His fingers traced the curve of her jaw, tilting her face to his. Their kiss was slow this time, deep and lingering, tongues sliding together in a rhythm that matched the slow roll of his hips. Mako's hands wandered down his back, nails scraping lightly over the sweat-slick muscles as she pulled him closer.

He broke the kiss with a low exhale, his breath warm against her lips. "Mako," he murmured, voice rough—not just from exertion, but something deeper. Something possessive.

She shivered at the sound of her name in his mouth.

Gamagoori moved again, his grip tightening as he lifted her hips just enough to change the angle. Mako gasped as he pressed deeper, the head of his cock dragging against a spot inside her that made her toes curl. His pace was deliberate now, each thrust measured, as if he were memorizing the way her body tightened around him.

"S-Senpai," she managed, voice breaking, "I—I can't—"

"You can," he growled, pressing his forehead to hers. "You will."

Mako's breath hitched as his hand slid between them again, fingers circling her clit in slow, maddening strokes. The pleasure built in waves, cresting higher with each thrust, each brush

of his fingers, until she was trembling beneath him, her nails digging into his biceps.

When the next orgasm hit, it wasn't sharp and sudden like before—it rolled through her like thunder, slow and consuming, leaving her gasping his name like a prayer.

Gamagoori followed moments later, his hips stuttering as he buried himself inside her with a groan. His body tensed, his grip on her almost bruising, before he finally stilled, his breath hot against her neck.

For a long moment, there was only silence—their ragged breathing, the distant hum of the fan, the occasional soft creak of the bed as their bodies slowly relaxed.

Then, Mako shifted slightly beneath him, her fingers brushing the sweat-damp hair at his temples.

Gamagoori's eyes darkened.

The drug wasn't done with them yet.

The shiver started at the base of Mako's spine, a slow, creeping heat that spread like ink in water. Gamagoori felt it too—his muscles tensing, his cock twitching inside her before he'd even fully softened. The scent between them grew thicker, muskier, the sheets damp beneath their tangled limbs.

Mako's fingers tightened in his hair as he lifted his head to meet her gaze. Her pupils were still blown wide, her lips swollen and parted. A thin sheen of sweat made her skin glow in the dim light, her chest rising and falling too fast.

Gamagoori swallowed hard. His voice came out rougher than he intended. "We should—"

Mako rocked her hips.

The word dissolved into a groan. His hands found her waist, fingers digging in as she moved again, her walls fluttering weakly around him. She was still so tight, so hot—and the drug coiled low in his gut, refusing to let him pull away.

"One more," she whispered, breathless, her thighs trembling around his hips. "Please, just—one more—"

Gamagoori didn't answer.

His mouth crashed into hers instead, swallowing her gasp as he rolled them over, Mako straddling his hips. Her hands braced against his chest, her hair a tangled curtain around her face as she rose shakily, then sank back down.

This time was slower.

Gamagoori's hands traced the curve of her waist, her ribs, the swell of her breasts—memorizing the way her skin flushed, the hitch in her breath when his thumbs brushed her

nipples. Mako's movements were unsteady, her body exhausted but still burning. She leaned forward, her palms sliding up his chest to frame his face.

Their foreheads touched.

The rhythm became something else—not the frantic, desperate pace from before, but deep, steady rolls of her hips that made them both shudder. Mako's breath hitched with each movement, her lips brushing his with every exhale.

Gamagoori's hands slid down to grip her thighs, guiding her, helping her move when her strength faltered. The drug still hummed beneath their skin, but this time, it felt different.

Mako's fingers tangled with his.

When she came, it wasn't with a scream, but a quiet, broken sob against his lips. Gamagoori followed, his release spilling into her with a groan, his arms tightening around her as she collapsed against his chest.

They lay like that for a long moment, hearts pounding, skin sticking where they touched. The drug's grip was finally loosening—the heat fading to something bearable, something almost sweet.

Mako nuzzled into the crook of his neck with a tired sigh.

Gamagoori closed his eyes.

The bed was a wreck, the room smelled of sex and sweat, and somewhere beyond the walls, the world continued—but for now, there was only this.

The drug wasn't done with them yet.

But for the first time, Gamagoori wasn't sure that was the only reason.

The morning light filtered through the blinds in thin golden stripes, painting fractured patterns across their tangled limbs. Mako stirred first, her lashes fluttering against Gamagoori's collarbone. The drug's hold had finally broken, leaving her body heavy and sore in ways she'd never felt before. She shifted slightly, only to freeze when a deep ache pulsed between her thighs.

Gamagoori's arm tightened around her waist before she could pull away. His breathing changed—the subtle shift from sleep to wakefulness that made his chest rise more deliberately beneath her cheek. Mako held her breath.

The memories flooded back in vivid flashes—his hands bruising her hips, her voice breaking around his name, the way he'd looked at her when she'd said—

Her face burned. She tried to wiggle free, but Gamagoori's grip firmed.

"You're awake." His voice was morning-rough, the words vibrating through his chest.

Mako squeezed her eyes shut. The sheets smelled like them—salt and sex and something strangely sweet. "I... um. Need to pee?"

A beat of silence. Then his arm loosened.

Mako scrambled up, wincing as her muscles protested. She nearly tripped on the discarded uniform jacket before making it to the bathroom. The door clicked shut louder than necessary.

Gamagoori stared at the ceiling. The scent of her lingered on his skin—honey and sweat and something uniquely Mako. His body stirred traitorously at the memory of her thighs squeezing his waist.

The bathroom faucet turned on.

He exhaled through his nose. The rational part of his brain knew they should talk about the drug, about what happened, about the words they'd both gasped in the heat of—

The door creaked open. Mako hovered in the doorway, clutching a towel around herself. Water droplets clung to her collarbone from where she'd splashed her face. Her gaze darted everywhere but him.

"Nonon's gonna... kill us," she mumbled.

Gamagoori sat up slowly. The sheets pooled at his waist. "She drugged us."

"I mean, yeah, but..." Mako's fingers tightened on the towel. "We also kinda... did the thing. A lot."

The thing.

Gamagoori's jaw clenched. He should say something—anything—but his throat felt like it was lined with sandpaper.

Mako fidgeted. "So like... does this mean we're...?"

The unfinished question hung between them.

Outside, a bird trilled. Somewhere down the hall, a door slammed. The ordinary sounds of morning pressed in around them, making last night's feverish touches feel like something from another world.

Gamagoori reached for his pants.

Mako's face fell. Just for a second—so quick he might've imagined it—before she forced a grin. "Right! Yeah! It was just the drug!" Her voice pitched higher. "We're cool! Super cool! Best buds who just happened to—"

His hand wrapped around her wrist.

Mako's breath hitched.

Gamagoori didn't speak. Just tugged—gently—until she stumbled forward, knees hitting the mattress. The towel slipped. He watched her throat work as she stared at where his fingers circled her delicate wrist.

"Senpai...?"

His thumb brushed her pulse point. Fast. Rabbit-quick.

The drug was gone.

And yet.

The air between them crackled with something heavier than silence. Mako's pulse fluttered beneath Gamagoori's thumb, rapid as a trapped bird's. Sunlight caught in the droplets still clinging to her shoulders, turning them to liquid gold as they traced paths down her flushed skin.

Gamagoori's mouth went dry.

He should let go. Should stand up, retrieve his scattered uniform, and walk out of this room with whatever dignity he had left. But the way she trembled at his touch—not from fear, but from something far more dangerous—kept his fingers locked around her wrist.

Mako swallowed audibly. "I, uh..." Her free hand rose, then fell, hovering awkwardly near her hip. "We should probably... get dressed?"

A rational suggestion. One he ignored.

His grip shifted, fingers sliding down to intertwine with hers. Mako's breath hitched as he pulled her closer, until her knees pressed into the mattress between his thighs. The towel slipped further, pooling at their feet.

The drug was gone.

And yet.

Gamagoori's other hand rose, calloused fingertips brushing a damp strand of hair from her cheek. Mako leaned into the touch instinctively, her eyes fluttering shut for a brief, vulnerable moment before snapping open again.

"You're thinking loud," she murmured, her thumb tracing absent circles against his palm.

He exhaled through his nose. The scent of soap clung to her skin now, clean and simple, overwriting last night's musk. It shouldn't have been intoxicating. It was.

"Mako." His voice came out rougher than he intended.

She blinked up at him, waiting. Always waiting for him to find the words he never seemed to have.

The bed creaked as he shifted forward, closing the last inches between them. Mako's lips parted on a soft inhale—

A sharp knock at the door shattered the moment.

"Disciplinary Committee meeting in twenty minutes!" Nonon's voice sang through the wood. "Don't make me send Satsuki in after you!"

Mako jerked back like she'd been burned, nearly tripping over the discarded towel. Gamagoori's hands clenched into fists at his sides as the spell broke. Reality came crashing back—the scattered uniforms, the telltale soreness, the marks they'd left on each other's skin.

Mako laughed nervously, rubbing the back of her neck. "Heh... guess we overslept, huh?"

Gamagoori stood abruptly, the mattress springs groaning in protest. He could feel her eyes on him as he gathered his clothes—the way her gaze lingered on the scratches raked down his back, the bruises her thighs had left on his hips.

They should talk.

They didn't.

As Mako scrambled into her wrinkled uniform, Gamagoori stared at the rumpled sheets—at the proof of what they'd done, what they'd said, what they'd felt with the drug singing in their veins.

The drug was gone.

And yet.

Somewhere beneath his ribs, the ember still glowed.

The door clicked shut behind Mako, leaving Gamagoori alone with the wreckage of the bed and the ghosts of her whispers still clinging to the air. His fingers lingered on the chain around his neck—the one she'd gripped tight enough to leave imprints on her palms.

He should be dressing. Should be preparing explanations for their absence. Instead, he found himself pressing a palm to the mattress where she'd lain, the sheets still warm from her body heat.

A sock peeked out from under the bed—hers, striped pink and yellow. Gamagoori picked it up without thinking. The fabric was soft between his fingers, slightly stretched from how she'd kicked them off in frantic haste last night.

From the hallway came the distant sound of Mako's voice—bright and artificially cheerful as she chattered at someone. The exact opposite of how she'd sounded with her teeth in his shoulder, her moans vibrating against his skin.

Gamagoori tucked the sock into his pocket before he could question why.

His reflection in the streaked mirror showed the damage—bitten lips, nail marks down his neck, hair still tangled from her fingers. He smoothed it back mechanically, watching his own eyes darken as his thumb brushed a particularly vivid bruise just above his collarbone.

Mako's sock burned a hole in his pocket.

Outside, the world moved on. The drug had faded. The consequences hadn't.

Gamagoori buttoned his jacket slowly, deliberately. The fabric pulled tight across her shoulders, still sore from how she'd clung to him. Beneath the crisp uniform, his skin carried the map of their night together—every mark a confession more honest than words could ever be.

He opened the door.

Somewhere down the hall, Mako laughed—too loud, too bright. The sound twisted something in his chest.

The drug was gone.

The reckoning was just beginning.

The hallway stretched endlessly before them, its sterile fluorescent lights washing out the lingering shadows of their night together. Mako walked three paces ahead—close enough to reach, far enough that their arms wouldn't brush by accident. Her usual bounce was absent, steps measured in a way that made Gamagoori's jaw tighten.

Someone had left a mop bucket near the stairwell. Mako sidestepped it automatically, her fingers twitching at her sides before curling into loose fists. The motion drew Gamagoori's eye to the faint crescent marks on her palms—left by her nails when she'd clutched at him too hard.

A door slammed somewhere above them. Mako flinched.

The sound of approaching footsteps sent them both stiffening—not in unison, but in staggered breaths, their bodies remembering last night's rhythm even as they refused to look at each other.

"Finally!" Nonon's voice cut through the tension like a scalpel. She rounded the corner in a swirl of pink fabric, her smirk sharp enough to draw blood. "Honestly, I was starting to think you two had—"

Gamagoori moved before he'd decided to—one large step forward that placed him squarely between Nonon and Mako. His shadow swallowed them both.

Nonon's eyebrows climbed. Her gaze flicked from Gamagoori's rumpled collar to the way Mako suddenly found the ceiling fascinating. A slow, dangerous smile spread across her face.

"Oh," she purred, tapping her baton against her palm. "It worked better than I thought."

Mako made a strangled noise behind him. Gamagoori's hands clenched at his sides. The sock in his pocket suddenly felt impossibly heavy.

Nonon twirled a lock of hair around one finger, her eyes glinting. "Relax, gorilla. If I'd wanted blackmail material, I would've—"

"Nonon." Satsuki's voice sliced through the hallway like tempered steel.

All three of them straightened instinctively. Satsuki stood at the intersection of corridors, her posture perfect, her gaze calculating as it moved from Nonon's guilty flush to Gamagoori's defensive stance to Mako's death grip on her sleeves.

A beat of silence.

Then—

"Disciplinary meeting. Now." Satsuki turned on her heel, her coat flaring behind her. "And someone air out that hallway. It reeks of irresponsibility."

Nonon giggled. Mako turned scarlet.

Gamagoori exhaled through his nose, his knuckles brushing against the crumpled sock in his pocket.

The drug was gone.

The consequences were just beginning.

The conference room smelled of lemon polish and tension. Mako sat stiffly at the far end of the table, her fingers drumming an uneven rhythm against her knees. Gamagoori occupied his usual position at Satsuki's right hand, though today, his imposing frame seemed to take up more space than usual, his shoulders blocking the light from the window behind him.

Nonon twirled a strand of hair around her finger, her smirk sharp enough to cut glass. "So," she drawled, leaning forward, "how was everyone's *night*?"

Satsuki's pen stilled on her paperwork.

Mako coughed violently into her sleeve.

Gamagoori's jaw clenched, his massive hands tightening around the edge of the table hard enough to make the wood creak.

Nonon's grin widened. "I'm just saying—"

"Enough." Satsuki didn't raise her voice. Didn't need to. The single word silenced the room like a guillotine drop. She set her pen down with deliberate precision, her gaze sweeping over

each of them in turn. "We have more pressing matters than whatever juvenile experiment Jakuzure conducted last night."

Mako sank lower in her chair.

Gamagoori's throat worked.

A folder slid across the table—black, unmarked, thicker than it should have been. Satsuki's fingers lingered on the cover for a fraction too long before releasing it. "The Kiryuin Conglomerate has moved up the timeline. The Honnouji Academy restructuring begins Monday."

A beat of silence.

Then—

"WHAT?!" Mako shot upright, her chair screeching back. "But that's—that's *three days* from now! We haven't even—Senpai and I haven't—!"

Her voice cracked. The unspoken words hung in the air between them, heavy as the sock in Gamagoori's pocket.

Satsuki's gaze didn't waver. "Then I suggest you use your time wisely."

Nonon's smirk faded. She glanced between Gamagoori and Mako, her playful malice replaced by something unreadable.

The clock on the wall ticked loudly.

Gamagoori stood abruptly, his chair nearly toppling behind him. Every eye in the room snapped to him, but his attention was fixed solely on Mako, who stared back with wide, uncertain eyes.

"Disciplinary Committee adjourned," he growled, already striding toward the door.

Mako scrambled after him without hesitation, her sockless foot nearly slipping on the polished floor.

Satsuki didn't stop them.

The drug was gone.

Time was running out.

The afternoon sun slanted through the gymnasium windows, casting elongated shadows across the polished floor where Mako's single sock left faint, faint footprints. Gamagoori's shadow swallowed hers whole as he paced before the equipment racks, his boots echoing too loudly in the space.

"You're gonna wear a hole in the floor," Mako mumbled, perched awkwardly on the edge of the vaulting horse. Her bare toes curled against the cold vinyl.

Gamagoori didn't answer. His fingers flexed at his sides, still feeling the ghost of her skin beneath them. The gym smelled of sweat and disinfectant—nothing like the cloying sweetness of Nonon's drug, nothing like the salt-and-musk scent that had clung to their bodies last night.

A basketball rolled across their path, forgotten by some earlier class. Mako hopped down to intercept it, her movements still carrying the slight stiffness from overused muscles. She dribbled twice—left hand, right hand—before missing the third bounce. The ball skittered away.

"Oops." Her laugh sounded brittle even to her ears.

Gamagoori caught the ball against the wall with one broad palm. The rubber squeaked under his grip.

Mako scuffed her foot against the floor. "So... restructuring, huh?"

His shoulders tensed. The basketball groaned in his grip.

A gust of wind rattled the high windows. Somewhere outside, the PA system crackled to life, announcing afternoon club meetings in a tinny voice that didn't quite reach them.

Mako took a deep breath. "About last—"

Gamagoori turned abruptly, his shadow engulfing her again. Mako's words died in her throat as he reached into his pocket—slowly, deliberately—and produced her missing sock.

The sight of—it-wrinkled, slightly stretched, so mundanely *hers*—lodged something sharp in Gamagoori's chest.

Mako's fingers trembled as she reached for it. "You... kept this?"

His hand closed around hers before she could pull away, the sock trapped between their palms. "Mako."

Just her name. Just enough.

Her breath hitched. The gymnasium walls seemed to press closer, the air thick with everything they hadn't said.

Somewhere beyond the doors, footsteps approached.

Gamagoori didn't let go.

The drug was gone.

This wasn't.

The footsteps passed without stopping, their echo fading down the corridor. The gymnasium seemed to hold its breath in the sudden silence, the only sound the quiet rustle of Mako's sock between their fingers.

Gamagoori's thumb moved first—just a slight brush against the inside of her wrist, where her pulse jumped like a trapped bird.

Mako's breath shuddered out.

Her other hand lifted, hesitant, hovering near the buttons of his jacket before her fingers curled inward, withdrawing. "Senpai, I—"

The basketball slipped from his grip, hitting the floor with a dull thud that rolled through the space. Gamagoori caught her retreating hand, pressing it flat against his chest, over the steady, too-fast rhythm beneath.

Mako's eyes widened.

His heart was pounding.

Not from exertion, not from anger—just from this. From *her*.

The sock slipped from their fingers, forgotten on the floor between them. Mako's palm burned through the fabric of his shirt, her fingertips tracing the shape of the chain beneath—the one she'd clung to last night when words failed them both.

Her throat worked. "The drug's gone."

It wasn't a question.

Gamagoori exhaled roughly, his free hand rising to cradle the back of her neck, his fingers tangling in the short hairs at her nape. Mako shivered, her eyelids fluttering shut as he pulled her closer, until their foreheads touched, until their breaths mingled in the scant space between them.

"No more Nonon tricks," she whispered.

His grip tightened almost imperceptibly. "No."

Mako swallowed hard. "So—we-if you—"

Gamagoori didn't let her finish.

The kiss was nothing like last night's feverish desperation—slow, deliberate, his lips moving against hers with a quiet certainty that made her knees weak. Mako melted into him with a soft sound, her hands fisting in his jacket, pulling him closer like she could fuse them through fabric and flesh.

When they broke apart, breathless, her cheeks were flushed pink, her lips swollen. Gamagoori's thumb traced the curve of her bottom lip, his touch surprisingly gentle for

someone who'd left bruises on her hips twelve hours earlier.

Mako's giggle bubbled up uncontrollably. "We're so bad at talking."

The corner of Gamagoori's mouth twitched—the closest thing to a smile he'd ever given her. His forehead dropped to hers again, his voice a low rumble between them. "We'll practice."

Outside, the school bell rang, signaling the end of clubs. The future loomed—restructuring, separation, uncertainty.

But here, in this sunlit gymnasium with a single sock abandoned at their feet, they had this.

The drug was gone.

This wasn't.

And as Mako stretched up to kiss him again, Gamagoori knew—they'd figure the rest out together.

The End.

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